

An expert's intimate picture of the U.S.'s growing spy system and how it scored a decisive victory over Khrushchev



Ever since he served U.S. Army Intelligence in World War II, Enno Hobbing has been a fascinated student of intelligence organizations and their methods. This interest was particularly spurred when, after the war, he had the opportunity to interrogate the leading members of Hitler's spy system, His career since the war has taken him into numerous areas ridden with international intrigue; he was the editor of Die Neue Zeitung, the U.S. military government German-language newspaper, when it was published in postwar Berlin, and he has been a news correspondent both abroad and in Washington

I'm so good that I could swagger. I know things that would make you stagger. I'm 90 per cent cloak . . . and 10 per cent dagger. Boo-boo, baby, I'm a spy.

NOE the days in World War II when a puckish Istanbul orchestra played this song every time an unmistakably American intelligence officer entered its café, the U.S. intelligence business has shucked any and all quixotic romanticism. It is cold and serious big business now, with upwards of 8,000 people employed by the pre-eminent U.S. intelligence organization, the Central Intelligence Agency. And CIA work, for all its partaking of many of the monotonous characteristics of corporate enterprise, is today the pursuit where an American in peacetime supremely looks into the soul of others and his own. The CIA man is more constantly, closely and tellingly at grips with his Communist opposite number than any other American. The CIA man may penetrate those state secrets the Reds want to hide and he conceals the American secrets the Reds seek. The CIA man may discreetly disinfect a foreign political climate poisoned by Red insinuations. Or the CIA man moves swiftly through foreign political back rooms, to rescue and revive a friendly government and a friendly people who were on the verge of being choked by Communist pressure. Where he succeeds, the CIA man gets no public acclaim, but has the unmatched reward of knowing that he, in the night, massaged the heart of freedom back to life.

Within the last year, the CIA men have had loaded on them the biggest ange of responsibility that they have borne in their decade of existence. (The CIA was established in September, 1947, when the lessons of World War II made it apparent that the many disparate intelligence activities of U.S. government departments needed a center and a head.) As long as Joseph Stalin ran the U.S.S.R., the East-West struggle was bluff and blatant, noisily black and white. With the advent of Nikita Khrushchev, it has become a much more subtle proposition. Clandestine activities in the Stalin era, it seems fair to say, had a vital tactical significance. But Khrushchev has inaugurated what may properly be called

the clandestine Sanitized Approved For Release PCIAIRDP75-00001R000100060055-1 of the old hammer-handed Communist motto that "who is not for us



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